The Relief Society Magazine

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Vol. XV
No. 5

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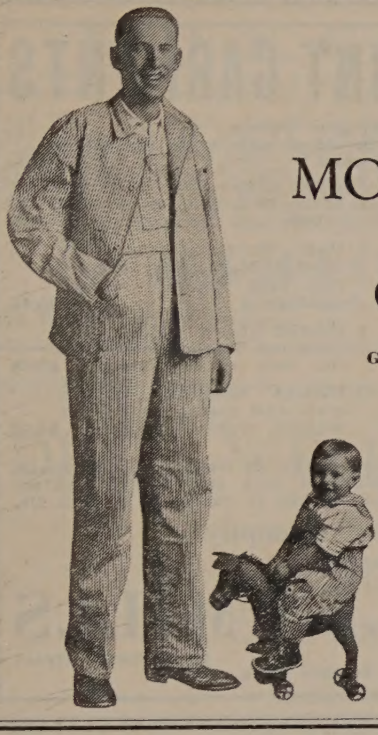

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The Relief Society Magazine

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My Mother's Ring

By Grace Ingles Frost

My Mother's ring—
A tiny, nuptial band,
That, for so many seasons,
Always graced her hand!
I wonder would it tell me,
If it had words to say,
That it is desolate as I,
Since death called her away?

So regally she wore it
Through all the years of life—
Superb in her fidelity,
E'en when no longer wife!
Though glad days fled and sad days came
To wreck her happiness,
The sanctity it symbolized,
She would not render less;
For, when her tresses rivaled
The raven's ebon wing,
When her hands were white and dimpled,
This—my Mother's ring
Was placed upon her finger,
By him she loved, her man,
And love kept it untarnished,
As only true love can.

When the years accruing,
Spelled their date of gold,
And I, (for lack of fairer words),
Must call my Mother old,
It was taken from her finger,
For me, her child to keep—
A token for remembrance,
When she had gone to sleep.

Oh! since she has awakened
Within the Better Land,
Can it be she has longed to feel
This circlet on her hand?
Or does she wear another,
The counterpart of this,
Yet of a rarer beauty,
There in her home of bliss?
This much, I know—my Mother's ring
(Worn on my hand today),
Seems to keep her near me,
Though she has passed away;
And well I know 'twill keep my feet
From treading devious ways;
For Mother's ring is shining
With a gleam from her life's rays.

Pioneers—Giants in the Earth

By Lais Vernon Hales

Very dear to us is the pioneer, no matter where he be or what his nationality. Most of us are children or grandchildren of our own pioneers and the bond with all pioneers is strong within us. Our life is redolent with the fineness of pioneer life. But do we really appreciate it? How can we who know so little of mind-breaking solitude, frightful homesickness, and hardship fully realize pioneer life. Books about America's pioneers will help us if we read them with receptive minds as well as receptive hearts.

Giants in the Earth, by O. E. Rolvagg, is the story of the Norwegian-American immigration. It was written in America and about America, but it comes to us in translation from the Norwegian. Rolvaag's whole aim in writing it is to show the contribution of his people to American life. He sees, and wants us to see, the human cost of empire building as well as the glamour and romance of it. He feels, and wants us to feel the grim reality of pioneering. In its fatalism and psychological turn *Giants in the Earth* is truly European, but it is an American Saga of the Prairie, for it is wholly concerned with America.

O. E. Rolvaag was born April 22, 1876, in Norway, just a short distance south of where the Arctic Circle cuts the coast. All of his people were fishermen. In their lives hardship, poverty, sorrow, and danger played prominent parts. On them shone the midnight sun for its brief season. Then came long periods of utter darkness hiding the gloomy, barren landscape. From this life Rolvagg broke away. In 1893, a terrible storm had destroyed many of his friends and nearly taken his life. His love for fishing killed, he set sail for America and landed in New York in 1896. In 1899 he entered school in South Dakota. Today he occupies the chair of Norwegian literature in St. Olaf College.

Per Hansa and his wife, Beret, are the outstanding characters in *Giants in the Earth.* Immediately upon landing in America from Norway, they began their way toward the prairies of the Dakotas. To Per Hansa the future was rosy and full of promise. Anything was better than the gloomy life he had left behind. To Beret the future was doubtful and frought with sadness. Her people and her humble home where their three children had been born were far across the sea. Here on the prairie with its unbroken rolling expanse one felt the presence of a force hostile to man. Here there was no need of fighting for all were conquered at last. One could not be victorious here. Here people were concerned with the Earth instead of God. Here one had no time to think of God until Death's fingers were upon one and then it was too late. Here the Earth took people instead of the living God. Here men became brutes.

Per Hansa struggled early and late through many hard years. He met plague, heavy storms, tormenting hot summers, with the true grace of the born pioneer. Things prospered until the time came when the future promised returns for his years of hard toil. But Beret—for her the struggle had been too much. Her delicate mind which had groped all these years for an understanding of life had lost its way.

And then one day came a minister of God into the little village. He brought to the heart of Beret a message which she recognized. In her narrow way she began to speak of it to Per Hansa. But the Prairie which had watched these would-be conquerors now for many years had decided otherwise. Per Hansa late one winter day set out across the snow-swept prairie in search of the minister. He never returned.

Giants in the Earth is the story of Per Hansa, the born pioneer, and Beret, the failure as a pioneer. Beret could not adapt herself to the new country. In her agony and homesickness she wrecked what might have been the finest of pioneer homes. She sent Per Hansa to his death and made her children unhappy. And the Prairie which had been waiting and watching, drank the blood of Christian men and was satisfied.

MRS. EVANGELINE LINDBERGH, MOTHER OF TRANSATLANTIC FLIER, COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XV MAY, 1928 No. 5

Mother of an Ace

By Linda S. Fletcher

Pain, the Inquisition Demon,
Stretched her on a torturing rack,
In a grim, gray place of horrors—
Out surged consciousness, then back;
But she fought on, ne'er despairing,
Claimed at Gates of Death, a toll—
Back to Life returned, triumphant,
With the boon she'd won—a soul!

In that myterious, gray Unknown,
Linked was her heart with a Son—her Own!

In the silver mists of heaven,
Soul undaunted—courage high,
Swooping hence and yon, an Eagle
Went to conquer or to die.
Did she pause, afraid to follow
To the Kingdom of the Air?
No; asserting their high kinship,
Soared she up to meet him there.

In the solitude of the pure, high Blue,
Visions knit their souls anew!

Little Mother

By Josephine Spencer

Little Mother came back to consciousness to find the Boy's tiny head pillowed on her arm, and his ridiculously small fingers clinging at her breast.

It was Big Man's voice which called her back from deeps into which she had sunk through swirls of mortal anguish.

"Thank God, it's over, Little Mother, and you are safe!" He kissed her—with a great reverence; but Little Mother sensed only the tiny head, and clinging hands.

"It's great, isn't it?" Big Man gloated. "Confess, Little Mother, now it's all over, you're really not sorry it's a boy?"

She puzzled for a moment, quite forgetting that past little picture—of choice. Then her eyes went to his, and they both laughed softly, joyously.

"It's wonderful luck," breathed Big Man, stroking the small, dark head on her arm. "There always will be something to do, planning for him. With a girl it's different—her future is more or less a certainty, if she's a real, true, girl. With a boy there are a thousand chances—careers galore, with rungs leading to the top of the ladder."

"I can't make it seem real," she said, faintly, solemnly. "It's like the time they put my first doll in my arms, and told me it was mine—to keep."

"That's how it looks to me," said Big Man wonderingly—"like a live doll."

Little Mother snuggled the little form closer and said the words over softly, hungrily, "Mine to keep."

College

"College, Boy!" she said. "Why that means going away from home for years."

"But I can come back between whiles, Little Mother," he pleaded. "The summer vacations and the holidays, you know."

"I'm afraid we couldn't manage all that—after your father's reverses. College alone would test his resources—to say nothing of the mortgage and other things."

"I'm going to pay it all back, Little Mother. When I finish I'll work like a Trojan—maybe pick up the mortgage if it's still hanging."

"I'd always thought of your finishing up right here at the home University, Boy."

"The University's all right—in its way," he conceded generously; but a man's nothing nowadays without his big college certificate. Besides, a fellow needs to be thrown on his own re-

sources to develop his powers. I need the experience to help make me a man. I can't get any sort of training in self-reliance unless I go away from home."

That was the chief trouble. Little Mother knew it all the time she was urging the economies. What he had said, though, was true—about the college prestige. If she interposed her mother's selfishness against his welfare—how would she answer to him in time to come? She never had thought seriously of facing the ordeal of the Boy's prolonged absence. Now that it suddenly confronted her she felt as if a chord were loosened, somehow, in her own being.

The Boy's thought and interests had been heretofore wrapped up in home and home ties, and now the call of the world was itching his ears, challenging the old claims. She of all beings, however, must not stand in the way of the Boy's development—which, of course, was the paramount issue. Little Mother took the Boy's eager face between her hands. "I'll talk with your father about it, tonight, Boy," she said. "If he can manage it, of course you must go. Nothing must stand between you and your progress."

The Boy gave her a resounding kiss. "I'd pick you from all the mothers in the universe," he declared.

The Girl

Purple morning-glories were thick outside the window, and the sunlight sifting through their trellised leaves and flowers was like shuttled gold.

Little Mother looked at the handsome face across the table and drew another long breath. The two months since the Boy's home coming had not quite wiped out her sense of wonder. That strapping fellow with the dark line on his upper lip, ready, but for mug and razor to blossom into a mustache—her son! Bigger now than his father—if it came to actual measurement.

No doubt of experience—and time—having done their work She was glad now that she had not stood in his way, but she would not want to live over again the ordeal of those long years of separation! She came and stood beside his chair and laid her arm possessingly around his big shoulders.

"Going out again tonight, Boy?"

"Yes, Little Mother—to the theater; I've invited Elsie."

Little Mother smiled and pinched the Boy's ear. "Seems to me Elsie's getting big ladles of your company against everybody else's teaspoonfuls."

"It's just our being in the same set, together, Little Mother," he parried. "There are six of us and you see we sort of pair off. If a fellow drops out it leaves a girl over, and breaks up the bunch."

"It's all right, dearie. I want you to be in things, and have a good time, just so it's clean. But I happened to think today (happened!) that there hasn't been a night or day since you came home without somebody being here—or your being out. I thought it would be fine for just the three of us to spend one evening at home—to make it seem like old times. Suppose we say tomorrow night."

"It's fierce, Little Mother, but there's the Park's party on tomorrow, and the college fraternity banquet next night. Now I think of it—I'm booked for every evening including Sunday. Next week there's the camping party in the mountains—and—"

"It 's splendid, Boy—your being in all these nice things," said Little Mother. "I'm glad." And she and Big Man spent the evening alone, talking over their joy in the Boy's joy, and their satisfaction in his seeming to get started with the right sort of associates."

Big Man had chanced to buy theatre tickets for the theater the same night; and though Little Mother tried to fix her mind on the play—and between acts on the orchestra—she found her attention wandering to the Boy, who sat in the stage-box with the bunch. Little Mother could not help preening a good deal over the Boy's good looks, his evident popularity and assured social standing. But she was silly and selfish enough to indulge a mite of a twinge when she happened to catch the shy glances exchanged between the Boy and Girl while the play was in progress. It was a society play—replete with situations and love scenes, and it was during the tender dialogue that the young-couple-in-the-box stole glances at each other.

Once, too, their hands met, covertly, on the back of the Girl's chair when her cloak slipped from her shoulders. This made Little Mother smile absently. It reminded her of incidents that had happened with herself and Big Man in their courting days.

She recalled the delicious little thrill in those past innocent diversions and yet now she was fretting because the Boy was having his turn—and actually begrudging the Girl her share in the Boy's pastimes.

That night after the play Little Mother confessed her foolish sin to Big Man, who laughed at it heartily.

"Don't begin to worry over those things, yet, Little Mother!" he warned. "She is only a sweetheart—probably the first. There will be plenty more before he settles down. I know—because I have been through the mill myself."

"You mean there were others before me?" gasped Little Mother. "Perhaps you forget telling me I was the only one."

"You were," said Big Man, stoutly. "The others did not count at all. I never really cared seriously for anybody till I met you!"

The Main Chance

They were at breakfast, and Big Man looked up from his mail with a gurgle of mingled joy and triumph.

"You've landed it!" he cried, shaking an official document at the Boy. "It has come our way, after all the other fellows' scrapping and wire pulling. Secretly, I didn't think you had the ghost of a chance with all those heelers and lobbyists pulling at the game. I simply put in your application and had a quiet talk with the secretary. It's another big proof to me of the efficiency of clean methods, and that a man don't have to do dirty work to win out in a laudable ambition."

The Boy rose in excitement and went to look over Big Man's shoulder. "It's the real thing, Dad—gilt seals, red tape, everything. And I don't forget I owe it to you. Your influence and public record have landed me the spoil. It's great—all round; not only the salary and prestige, but the experience. Four years in Europe, and in the tip-top diplomatic circles will be a liberal education. A chance like that don't come to many fellows at my age."

The two gloated for a long time. Men-fashion, their talk larded with technical expressions, suppressed egotism and large outlook.

It was the Boy who first noticed Little Mother's silence.

"Why, Little Mother, you haven't uttered a word. Aren't you going to join the family jubilation? Thought you'd be the first to fly rockets and fire cannon!"

"The position isn't much in the way of emoluments," said Big Man, his enthusiasm somewhat dampened at sight of her face. "But a diplomatic appointment at his age is big innings. When a young fellow cuts into that sort of running at the start, it means a sure chance at the big games later on, both in diplomacy and politics."

Big Man stood up and he and the Boy looked expectantly at Little Mother.

"He is just home from college," she faltered.

"Yes, but—"

"Four more, added to those four years will make eight."

"It means practically that—yes," said Big Man. "But it's his chance in life. That's what we've really planned and worked for, ever since he was born."

Why, of course, Little Mother sensed it all quite clearly. She herself had built wonderful air-castles all for the Boy's inhabitance and now that the corner stone lay ready—she wanted to back down. They called people pikers who did that! Well, they should see that she would not put a single clog in their elation!

Little Mother tried to manage a smile, but did nothing more than to straighten out the pitiful droop in the corners of her mouth.

"It's certainly fine—your getting the position," she said, "through I'm not at all surprised. In fact I have always felt that something out-of-the-ordinary would come to you."

The Boy crossed to her and gave her a bearish hug. "You've always been a brick, Little Mother," he spooned. "I knew for sure you wouldn't want me to sluff my main chance."

The Woman

Little Mother read the Boy's letters over feverishly, her breath coming sometimes pantingly, in quick gasps, and again in long, slow sighs.

It was all there—the whole perilous story told in the Boy's impetuous, adulatory phrases, and studiously worded defence. Innocent, genuine and frank his own attitude so far—but—the woman! Little Mother's fingers worked convulsively as she pictured the slim white throat, pink flesh and red hair painted in life-like lines by the Boy's infatuated pen. These and hints of home-coming tourists who had seen and heard—for themselves! Little Mother grew faint at thought of the broken sentences and considerate silences of these home spectators!

If it were true, indeed, that the woman could lure Boy from his work at will to drag him at her heels about the European capitals and even to Monte Carlo—why, the very worst must come—dismissal, debauch, disgrace.

Little Mother carried her misery tremulously to Big Man, who listened in silence but with set teeth. It was some time before he spoke. Then he said soberly.

"I suppose it had to come, sometime. A young fellow's bound to have his moral hazing in his tilt with the world. No one can help him—it's sort of a tide-rip that sucks from without and within. Neither skill nor strength count much in the struggle. If he gets out whole, it's always more just knack or luck."

"There's something else," said Little Mother, doggedly, and set her white lips.

Night after night she prayed. And day after day, when Big Man was at the office she framed letters to the Boy—cunningly worded, cautiously phrased. Few could have detected anything under their smooth surface, so seemingly guileless was their trend. When the Boy's answers came she took them away to her room and studied them deeply, cautiously-probing this phrase, that expression for some glimpse of hope. Presently she fancied she began to see signs.

Obscure enough those hints—which Big Man passed over unseen, unscented, even un-hoped. New tones—like the first, faint green in sere willows, showing healthy sap to be creeping upward through dried bark—ran in the Boy's letters.

Then, at last one came which she read, first breathlessly, then with tears blinding her eyes so that she could hardly see the

words. When she was quite sure she locked the door softly, and fell on her knees. There Big Man found her when he came home from his political meeting. She told him sitting on his knee with her arms around his neck, "It's over—the woman, I mean. Boy is clear of her—and with a clean conscience. I felt from the first God would not fail me. I have always trusted so in him—and the Boy."

Big Man

Big Man's face was nearly as white as the pillow on which it had lain for weeks past. Little Mother had seen it change slowly, steadily, till it told the truth the doctor had tried to hint from the very first.

Little Mother had put aside the hint angrily, rebelliously, incredulously. Such a thing was impossible! Why—she had leaned on Big Man for years! He was her stay and support in every possible way. No one could expect her to live without him! There are some things which go by themselves; they belong to a separate autocratic kingdom—the realm of too hard to bear. She had put the hint away resolutely and definitely in that place—as being too absurd for consideration.

Today, she rose from the watch which she had kept tirelessly for weeks and went to the bedside. Big Man's lips were moving, and she leaned over him, hungrily, listening. He had not spoken before that day.

Big Man's eyes met hers wistfully, pityingly.

"There are things—that must be said, Little Mother," he murmured, "if you will—if you can bear to let me say them—" He stopped at the touch of wet drops on his face, then, presently went on.

"I've been hoping—praying—this trial might be spared you," he said, very faintly; "but I guess—it has to be." Her cry—a shrill moan—bust forth piteously and Big Man put his hand forth and held her own tightly for a moment—while he had strength. "I want you to promise for my sake not—to let it—hurt too hard. One of us had to go first—and the thought of its sorrow falling on you has been a perpetual torment."

Little Mother choked back her tears, and laid a tight hand on her wild heart.

"You mustn't let that worry you," she faltered, "I am going to have strength to go through whatever comes. You know how I felt when Boy went away—but I've lived through it—and I suppose I'll just go on the same."

"It's about Boy I want to speak," Big Man murmured, aching at sight of her misery. "It's doubly hard to ask—when you will have so much to bear. I've thought it over and over—and always with the one answer—that it is cruel, inhuman, to ask you to meet it alone. But the Boy's prospects—the knowledge

that if he leaves the field now, when the lightest chance may lose him his career—I can't—decide." Big Man's voice failed in a half sob.

Little Mother sat quite silent for a moment. For weeks, since the hint had begun to take root, she had longed to send for the Boy. Thought, alone, of the impending blow, had seemed to much to bear. To meet the thing itself—she sat frozen, trying to feel her way—as out of a deep, impenetrable darkness.

The gnawing sense of Big Man's miserable eyes, roused her.

"Of course," she whispered, so faintly he could hardly hear, "Boy must not be called away from his work under any circumstances. It would surely imperil his interests, and I would rather meet whatever comes—alone."

Big Man reached out with feeble hands and drew her wet face close to his own.

"Brave Little Mother," he faltered.

The Boy

It was a queer whim of Little Mother's that she could not stand for the Boy's beard. She said it made him seem strange and alien. Boy had smiled at her request. "Shave? Why, of course, Little Mother, I'm not really set on the beard myself. The Berlin fellows all do it, you see, and we Americans fall in line. I wore it home because I thought you'd have to have a proof that I'm really grown up."

Little Mother clung to the Boy's big hand as if it were to save her from something. All through that dark time with Big Man, and since, she had not been able to picture the Boy save as the tiny thing she had snuggled once in her arms in dainty muslins and laces. This had comforted her in a way—just how, she could not tell.

"Oh, Boy," she said. "It's the changes I want to forget. I want you to put aside everything you can—for awhile—that can separate me from the old associations."

And the Boy, sensing clearly, put aside the beard—together with his own grief and sense of a missing presence and aired nothing in her sight but his old cheery smile and boyish confidences.

And how dear it all seemed. Life began to look to Little Mother as if it might hold something for her after all. Boy, with his loving face opposite her at table, and his stalwart presence an assured stay and protection every day. How she had missed that once familiar sense in those past, dark months! Little tasks whose dullness and routine had spelled distaste in her listless misery, under the Boy's show of interest began to seem important. Nothing was too minute for his appreciative notice. It made everything look different.

The Career

Little Mother had almost lost her once poignant sense of loneliness when the career loomed in sight. It was only natural, as Big Man had foreseen that a young man haloed with the prestige of a diplomatic appointment, should, in his home town be an early mark for political preference. It took Boy out a great deal, especially when the campaign was in full tilt. Little Mother managed to get through the days fairly well, but the evenings which the Boy spent mostly with the Central Committee or at political meetings and state stumpings, seemed harder to bear. His step on the porch during that time became more or less a daily and nightly vigil. She rose almost at daylight to get the newspaper and read reports of his campaign speeches and it all brought back the old pride she had felt at his school and college and diplomatic honors. Thoughts of how Big Man would have rejoiced at this day came up often to choke her, but she hastily put them away, remembering her solemn promise to Big Man, in that last dark hour.

When the election was over, and the Boy came home escorted by the brass band and the prominent party members, Little Mother experienced a guilty qualm at thought of being able to indulge such happiness. It brought a greater joy though when she realized the campaign work was ended and that she would now see more of the Boy. They were talking it over at breakfast, and the Boy was beaming with her because of his good fortune.

"It means even more than just the winning out, Little Mother," he said. "My assured position makes possible an event for which I have been dearly longing this past year."

The Wife

Little Mother sat quite still while he told her. It had occurred to her often, of course, that inevitable something; but she had put it away quickly each time with a little shiver. The Boy was all she had now, surely no one had such a claim on him as she—at least for a time. She expected it to happen sometime, but not until her sore sense of that other separation had somewhat healed. The Boy was young, there was plenty of time and she really had had so little of his company for years. Surely—

"Don't think, Little Mother," the Boy was saying, "Don't think this will mean separation from you. She is as unselfish as she is beautiful, and so far from losing anything out of your life, you will gain—yes, more than you think. You will have a daughter, you see, as well as a son. I have pictured it often, Little Mother, your having someone to help bear your loneliness. It will take an actual load from my shoulders, to feel there will be another near and dear, one to care for you as I do."

Little Mother brightened at this picture—like the morning-glories on the porch-vine at the touch of the dew.

"The next to will be all right, Ivy, I know it would seem sometimes, of course, and—and I am glad—you have chosen so well. She will make you a good wife, I think, and I will do all in my power to help make you both happy."

Little Mother thought it all over when the boy had gone down town. It would be as he said. No appearance on evening-boards—nothing but plain sewing she asked to mend, they would bring to such a grave completeness. There might be children, too—her heart gave a joyous throb at that thought. How tired—and narrow and selfish her love had been! It was time something had happened to bring her to her senses.

June came—and the wedding was over with its hurrying excitement, and warm-hued hopes. Summer and autumn, and winter again, with endless weeks and long dark days.

Something was wrong—something that lay on the topmost shoulder, growing steadily larger and larger. A few days at first, then a week, two weeks, and now nearly a month. In the same city, too, with a street car passing here them doors, and not even the trouble of transfer. She had not noticed at first—little things might have arisen—headaches times for the wife, extra work at the office in the evenings, perhaps, and Sunday to keep Dot here. They were the luckiest, those Saturday. She had fought against the feeling as something almost wicked. Really ready, though, for home-coming from Church to the empty house, and lonely preparations. Her neighbor had come in often from next door, to be sure, but whenever Ivy passed that proverb about the comparative darkness of blind should have served the fly of motherhood to know all that it meant.

"What is it, Ivy?" She asked the question again, with her hand on the drooping head, as he sat by the breakfast. "Is it—am I the cause—have I done anything to trouble you?"

"Mother!" "Yes—"

"You have been away so long, dear, but to—compared to the last few months, you know—I was afraid some thoughtlessness of mine might have been the cause."

"It has nothing to do with you personally at all. It's just—well, Elsie isn't well, you know, mother, and—and she naturally wants me with her. She doesn't care to go out much now, you see, and I must of course. I only leave her. You'll take the best of it, won't you, Mother, for awhile, if I don't see you? After a while, when Elsie feels better, it will be different. She will get out more."

"Get out more!" She wished her neighbor had not told her of the weekly sewing club, of the matinée-parties where Elsie had been, according to the neighbor's glowing account, "the life of the crowd." Had it been really her health she asked herself, some little instinct, or thoughtlessness towards the girl-wife?

She had so wished to be mindful; she had an undissembled affection, which she felt sure Elsie must have sensed. She was aware far into the night, wondering, and rose to her lonely breakfast with something like that dead weight at her heart she had known after Big Alan died. It lay there many a day, after that, though Boy called her up twice a day, by wire, and Elsie came down with Boy one Sunday afternoon, and shared her light lunch with her. Even when Boy began to make weekly calls, running down evenings for a half hour's chat as he had not done for months—the weight did not lessen, but indeed grew—for the troubled look in Boy's face had deepened—was always there, and a constraint, too, in his manner that made him seem somewhat alien, like the German beard.

She watched him anxiously, though without sign, fearful lest she might touch, unwittingly, some sore sense. The trouble, if trouble it were, made the first one he had not discussed with her, as a comrade, in bygone times. It was such a little thing, this one and only reserve; she was childish, yes, even selfish, to make it an anxiety. She would put the thought of it out of her mind, and try to help him back to the old boyish, carefreeness.

The coming of the grandson helped. In the joy and excitement of the wonderful advent, old but ever new, thrilled with its inexplainable marvel, all constraint vanished. There was a special dinner at Little Mother's home in honor of the first visit of the tiny potentate, then one at Boy's with the old good will and frankly kind and familiar intercourse renewed. Six months passed with a new sense of happiness in Little Mother's life. The glum boy had pictured when he told of his future marriage, seemed really to be coming true, with still another link added to her claim on the world. The baby's tiny face learned to brighten at Little Mother's sight, and the dimpled arms to go out to her in flattering welcome when she was present, and the lines of age and sorrow in Little Mother's face softened under the renewed influence of cheer.

Boy did not find time to make the weekly visits now, since the new claim on his home life; but there was no constraint, no spirit of brooding estrangement to worry her. With her plain garden in front, and the little plot at the back of the house which Boy had proudly planted in spring shoots, and her neighbor coming in now and then to while away the hours at home, and her own duties, the time passed with surprising swiftness and pleasure.

She blamed herself, when she began to notice things again. "My own idle, selfish imagination!" she told herself, indignantly. "I am beginning to demand that my life shall have no cloud, that's all. As if I, or Boy, or anyone else can expect perfect content and peace to last. Time to get rid of this morbid imagination, if I'm not to make myself, and Boy and everyone else miserable."

She held to her struggle resolutely, even when Boy began to come down every day, with his mouth set in hard, determined, but unhappy lines, and his manner distraught with the old constraint.

Little Mother watched Boy drop from the car platform one day with an unusual tightening of heart. His face, pale and strained, his manner almost hopeless—what could it all mean?

She put the question involuntarily, as he entered the door and flung himself on the little settee.

He was still for a moment, then suddenly walked to the table.

"It's that, mother," he said, laying something on the table.

She looked at the small gold band, dazedly.

"I don't understand you, Boy," she said. "That ring—"

"It's Elsie's, mother—yes, the wedding ring. You know what it means when a wife gives that back, don't you?"

He sat down on the sofa again, and buried his face in his hands.

"Little Mother," he said, desperately, with a sob in his voice. "I can't say anything in self-justification without seeming cowardly—without making her bear the blame. But I have tried to make things go right in our lives. But it didn't seem just to me, and never will, to sacrifice you absolutely to our own selfish ease and happiness. As if I could be happy with you deliberately put out of my life. Yes, that's it substantially. It's not just a personal claim of wife against mother—I could see, and have yielded to that natural claim as far as it did not encroach on actual justice to me and you! But it is a claim of family against family, an imperative claim for our joint loyalty and devotion to her kindred, with an almost total disregard of my own rights. She cannot sense that I have my personal ties and home associations as dear as hers. She cannot sense that my claim is, in its way, more imperative because of your loneliness—a condition, which she has had no chance to sense.

"That is the foundation of it all, Little Mother—oh, of course there have been other things—things we have said to each other in trying to argue it out, each on our own side. She calls my stand stubbornness, you see, but I have made concessions that have kept me sleepless thinking of you and what you might think of my desertion. I couldn't explain—you can see that, can't you, Little Mother? I've held it—because I was afraid, almost to voice such a thing as a misunderstanding between me and my wife. It has hurt to the core, Mother! You can't guess how much! I love her—I couldn't love her more than I do now; but it's misery I can't stand, the daily jangling, and insistence upon personal rights, whose absolute counterpart she denies me."

The noonday sun streaming through the muslin curtain blinded Little Mother's eyes. Something dark at least came

between her and Boy's wretched face. She put up both hands and shut it all out for a moment, then quickly—sensing that Boy's suffering would only grow with her own, put them down.

"This is serious, Boy," she said, presently. "We must think well and dispassionately, so as not to make mistakes. This is the biggest problem of your life—you must step as carefully as if you were on thin glass, whose breaking will plunge you to destruction."

Boy's own face was hidden and his short dry sobs were the first she had heard since he was a child.

She drew her chair to the sofa. "Let's talk it over, Boy," she said. "There must be some way out of this—this mistake. It's only that, you must remember: nothing must come between you, and your wife and child. A mother must not do it, above all things. You see that, don't you, dear? It would be like cutting you out of your birthright, or shutting a door to keep you from paradise."

Boy sat up and threw out his arms. "But the alternative, there's only one, you know, now, after all that has passed between us."

"And it isn't so difficult, Boy, if you look at it in the right way."

"You mean—for me—to give you up?"

"Figuratively, yes—for a time, at least. It is all new to her, you know—this relationship, with its new ideas, and ties. In time, I am sure, things will look differently. We must consider her side, even a little more than ours."

Boy uttered a little despairing groan. "I have tried to do that, Mother."

"Yes, but you have had the struggle alone. It is a hard one, even for an experienced person, and you two young people have been trying to straighten it all out yourselves. If you had only told me at first, I might have helped you both. I can do it now, though, thank heaven."

Boy groaned again. "It's too late, now; it's gone too far. Besides, as I told you—a settlement can only come about on conditions I cannot as a man, a son, or a Christian, concede."

Little Mother drew a long breath. The sense of that concession lay like a weight at her heart; but it must not balance on the wrong side.

"You are taking it all too seriously, dear, time brings everything out right if we meet things as they come in the right way. Now let me handle this for awhile. I've just had a thought—an inspiration, we will call it—a way out. It's that little farm of ours out in the country. The people on it haven't been doing right by us—I have felt it for some time. Neighbors out there say the man is really shiftless, lets things go at haphazard. I've

felt for a long time one of us ought to be out there to look after things. It isn't much, of course, all told; but it's ours, and some time may mean a great deal to you—and your children. The thing for me to do right now is to stay there and watch things."

"Little Mother! Heaven knows you are lonely enough now. Out there—"

"There will be someone with me, of course. I shall keep our tenants on, there, to do the work. I'll just be the boss, you see—with a little corner of my own to keep as a sort of throne room. I won't have time to be lonesome, you know, with all the farm things on my mind."

Boy came and knelt down by her low chair. "Little Mother, I see what you mean—and I know what it will cost. But I believe it will save us—me and Elsie and our child—a sorrow worse than death. God bless you, Little Mother, and—and help to bring it out all right in the end."

She watched him swing on the car, his step lighter by far than when he had come. The hopeless look on his face, too, had lifted, though his mouth drooped and the eyes that gave her a parting glance were dim. When he was quite out of sight, Little Mother fell on her knees.

The End

Little Mother thought she had sounded the utmost deeps of Loneliness after the passing of Big Man, but then she had the Boy's homecoming to live for—and now there was nothing.

The farm lay miles from the railroad and the nearest neighbor, and Little Mother's sole companions were the hired help, who were in a state of perpetual grouch because the presence of Little Mother interfered with their own designs.

Little Mother sensed this, half-pitifully. She was in everybody's way. Even Boy would have a certain sense of relief in her absence. There were his wife and child and career—enough to keep any man's mind occupied. They would help him, if not to forget, at least not to miss her. Time and custom wipe out many things.

New children would come—they would hear of her sometimes, of course; she could trust Boy's loyalty for that—but their childish love, their sense of kinship would never unfold.

Little Mother pictured herself growing, as years went on, less and less to all of them—and finally so little, in a real sense, that when the word came, it would mean but a momentary wrench to be quickly assuaged. She might even die alone in that far-off place.

Little Mother's sorrowful brooding was interrupted by a sudden knock at the door. She went hastily and signed for the telegram mechanically but with trembling hands. She did not open or read the message, for her heart told her beforehand what

it was. The last blow had fallen that could wring little Mother's heart.

There was no God after all.

A Being supreme in knowledge and power and mercy would have spared her this anguish. He would have taken her life—so wretched and useless, and saved that other truthful one for its well started pilgrimage. *Boy dead!* It was a thing absolutely monstrous—unholy! For the first time in her life Little Mother's lips began to frame something almost blasphemous—

* * * * *

"Why, Little Mother! You must be having bad dreams. If you thrash about with your arms like that you'll hurt the Babe."

It was Big Man's voice, a little curious and anxious.

"She saw too much company yesterday," said the nurse from the corner, where she was putting a fresh cluster of roses into a vase. The Excitement has made her feverish, and I shall put a stop to visitors' calls for at least a week."

"That dictum does not include her best beau, I hope," said Big Man, including Little Mother and the Boy in a general hug."

"Let me take him," said Little Mother quite wildly, clasping the Boy hungrily to hear heart." He is mine—I tell you—I have gone down to the gate of death to gain him. He is mine—to keep."

Thoughts of Mother

By a Missionary, Velma Brinkerhoff

Somehow the world's not quite the same
With you so far away;
I sometimes dream of you at night;
I think of you each day.
You are the dearest pal I've had—
Can I forget your face?
Though many friends are round me here,
Which one can take your place?

When evening comes, when lights are low
My memory flies to you,
To all your sweet and loving ways—
The things you used to do.
How oft you smoothed each childish grief
And helped me when I fell;
And the secrets deep I've told to you—
Heart thoughts you'll never tell.

When my field work here has ended
And from duty's call I'm free,
I shall go straight home to greet the pal,
Who is all the world to me!

STAKE PRESIDENTS OF SALT LAKE COUNTY

1. Hazel Greenwood, Liberty; 2. Luacine S. Clark, Ensign; 3. Lettie T. Cannon, Pionee
4. Mary J. B. Pixton, West Jordan; 5. Mary Isabelle Horne, 1st Stake President; 6. Elizab
C. Williams, Salt Lake; 7. Vera P. Walquist, Cottonwood; 8. Emmaretta G. Brown, Grani
9. Elfleda L. Jensen, East Jordan; 10. Winifred B. Daynes, Grant; 11. Emma S. Jaco
Oquirrh.

Semi-Centennial Review of the Relief Societies of Salt Lake County

By Lettie T. Cannon

One of the most inspiring and magnificent performances ever presented to the people of Salt Lake was the Semi-Centennial Review "Onward" given in the Tabernacle March 16, 1928. The combined Relief Societies of Salt Lake county and about six hundred Relief Society women took part.

"Onward," an epic of progress,—a symbolic picturization in song and story—commemorates the organization of the first Salt Lake Stake Relief Society, its development and growth into the present ten stakes: Salt Lake, Granite, Ensign, Liberty, Pioneer, Cottonwood, Grant, Oquirrh, East Jordan and West Jordan. It is from the pen of Claire Stewart Boyer, a writer of promise, whose poems will be studied in the Literary department this year. "Onward" is divided into three parts: I, Our Heritage; II, Our Growth; III, Our Presidents.

Part I, is a picturization of our past general presidents who were characterized by the following women: Emma Smith by Etta F. Toronto; Eliza R. Snow by Nettie M. McAllister; Zina D. H. Young by Zina Y. Card; Bathsheba Smith by Donnetta S. Kessler; Emmeline B. Wells by Ameda S. Young. A fitting tribute was paid to each of these presidents who worked so earnestly and unselfishly for the great Relief Society cause, and who left their work and example as our heritage.

Part II, symbolizes the growth of the Relief Society in Salt Lake county form the first stake organization in 1877 with Mary Isabelle Horne as president, up to the present ten stakes.

The Mother Stake

Nina O. Edwards represented the Mother Stake, Salt Lake,

"For it was given to thee to be a Mother Stake,
A Relief Society Mother Stake to the daughters of Zion,
In 1877 thou stepp'st forth, thine arms extended;
Thou gaz'st at the mountains in the East, and breathed in courage,

Thou gaz'st at the lake in the West, and thy heart was
wrapped in peace;
Then, prayerfully, thou sett'st thyself to the tasks before thee,
As became a Woman of Purpose.
With thy growth in the valley of the mountains,
Came a new radiance to thy countenance,
Came a new joy to thy soul,
Thou felt'st the throbbings of the hearts of the future,
And with the guidance of thine instinct,
Thou keep'st thy body strong and clean and refreshed,
Thy mind advancing, and thy spirit
Tuned to the great eternal rhythm."

And in Fulfillment came the other stakes represented by Irene Thoresen as Grant; Inez R. Preece, Pioneer; Emily Podmore, Cottonwood; Ida Whipple, Oquirrh; Gertrude Pierson, East Jordan; Ethel J. McMullen, West Jordan; Elnora Ward, Liberty; Ruby E. Campbell, Ensign; and Esther C. Sandberg, Granite.

"And each in turn, upon the foundation thou hadst given them,
Formed a glorious stake,
Inspiring the daughters of Zion
To greater works.
And to each stake has come a marvelous strength,
For faith and love have entered her organization,
And upheld her in all things,
And therefore, she was blessed."

The Daughter Stakes

In the Development Mable Fisher and Lillian Schwendiman represent Grant Stake; Margaret C. Clayton and Ruth E. Cutler, Pioneer; Beatrice Diamond and Victoria Anderson, Oquirrh; Elizabeth B. Poulton and Rachel M. Seare, Salt Lake; Emma Flowers and Annie Bowden, Cottonwood; Mary Creer and Lola Copenhaver, Liberty; Alma R. LaFont and Carol B. Richards, Granite; Diana Kolsolake and Cora G. Snow, Ensign; Fern Hendrickson and Mina Mickelson, East Jordan; Alice J. Cooper and Edith Dahl, West Jordan.

"And the nine daughter stakes have seen the vision
Their mother saw before them;
That God had made all things, and made them well,
That God loved all things, and had placed that love
In the hearts of his children;
That God had a purpose noble and divine in this, His vineyard,
And that to them He had given a knowledge of that purpose
And a share of His work He had put into their hands for completion—

That Christ's Kingdom might be built upon the earth."

These women, gowned in gold costumes with white wigs, made a most impressive sight.

Part III, presented our sixth and present General President, Clarissa S. Williams, dressed in white.

"Most gracious leader of these latter days,
Thine eyes hvae seen the glory of His plan,
Thy heart has leapt with joy in its response
Since in His vineyard, this thy trust began;
Thou hast been blest with vision for our needs,
Thou hast been crowned with wisdom in thy ways,
With purpose thou hast filled our thousand hearts,
With happiness hast filled our thousand days."

Sister Williams was joined by the ten stake presidents; Emmaretta G. Brown, Granite; Elizabeth C. Williams, Salt Lake; Luacine S. Clark, Ensign; Lettie T. Cannon, Pioneer; Hazel Greenwood, Liberty; Winifred B. Daynes, Grant; Emma S. Jacobs, Oquirrh; Elfleda L. Jensen, East Jordan; Mary J. B. Pixton, West Jordan; and Vera P. Walquist, Cottonwood, all dressed in white with jeweled, gold-colored girdles.

"Under the care of ten wise presidents,
The stakes that nestle in the valleys old
Have reached a fair and monumental strength,
A joy to contemplate and to behold."

A Hundred Wards

Then from the back of the Tabernacle, down either aisle came the present ward presidents gowned in white.

"A hundred wards are mothered and matured
Within the stakes, by women diligent,
Who give their time and strength and faith and love
To serve them worthily as Presidents."

And then came the "flagstones of the past," the past stake and ward presidents, the former gowned in lavender, the latter in white.

"For faithful leaders ever light the way
For truth's expansion, and the world will bless
These women who have made the Gospel sure,
These loyal devotees of righteousness."

It was a stirring sight to see these women, many of them three-score years and ten, who have labored so faithfully and earnestly, and who have given of their time, their love and

their strength to the Relief Society cause. Many eyes were filled with tears, and all were touched by the wonderful spectacle before them. And as Mrs. Stewart read the Finale all hearts joined with her in saying,

The Work Goes On

"Thus in these latter days
The work goes on.
Thousands of minds directed every day,
Thousands of hearts are purified anew,
Thousands of minds are moulded by the plan
The past in all its glory could not dream
Of Zion fairer than she is today;
Of Zion's women singing on a hill;
Of Zion's women working with a will
To bring Salvation to a hungry world.
Then upward, upward and onward
Their aim will ever be,
With praises to the God of Eearth
And of Eternity."

The poem was beautifully read by Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, whose voice carried to the farthermost part of the Tabernacle, inspiring all with the grandeur and beauty of Relief Society work as depicted.

Much credit is due Mrs. Irma Felt Bitner for her splendid work in directing the Review; she was ably assisted by Annie C. Kimball, Inez Witbeck and Erma Roland.

Mrs. Ida Horne White, known to Relief Society workers as the author of the music to "The Mother's Plea," composed the music for the "Pledge," and with Mrs. Agnes M. Bolto, she had charge of the chorus of one hundred women whose inspiring singing of Mendelsohn's "Lift Thine Eyes" and Mrs. White's "With Heavenly Inspiration" and the "Pledge" song, added greatly to the enjoyment of the performance.

Tracy Y. Cannon, Tabernacle organist, provided artistic accompaniments on the great organ. Mrs. Anna G. Ipson, accompanist for rehearsals, was also pianist for the Review. An instrumental trio composed of Aurelia Shimer, Ireta Roylance, and Mary Mortimer, did beautiful work in accompanying the Reader in Part I and in rendering a selection between Parts I and II.

Mrs. Lillian G. Shurtliff had charge of the costumes.

The invocation and the benediction were offered by Louise Y. Robison and Jennie B. Knight of the presidency of the General Board of the Relief Society.

The Review Committee consisted of the Presidents and Board members of the ten stakes, with Emmaretta G. Brown, General Chairman.

Mother

By Amy Kemp

Though each year makes you sweeter and makes me love you more,
Yet each day takes you closer to that far-off blessed shore;
Still I dare not think of parting—may distant be that day!
While I turn time's booklet backwards and think of yesterday

There I see our kitchen table with cover spread for eight,
There I see my father smiling as he nears our garden gate,
Then I see all of us children—for then we numbered six,
And I hear our laughing voices as we played at kiddies' tricks

Then I see our old time wash-stand, where you combed and curled our hair;
And I hear that sweet, soft lullaby you sang to baby fair;
In turn we knelt before you, and you taught us how to pray,
Your simple, humble, heart-felt words we all were taught to say.

And then we'd run and jump and bounce upon our little bed,
And we knew that God would bless us, for our even-prayer we'd said.
Yes, those were all quite happy days, with not a thought of care,
So as I look on yesterday, those hours seem sweet and rare,

But one by one the children leave and make themselves a home,
And as time's wheels roll on and on, with Dad you're left alone,
And so I pray that God will grant you old-felt love anew,
That you may both be happy in everything you do.

So when life's journey's over and you go beyond the veil,
You may know God's greatest glory, since here you did not fail.
And may we children live to be an answer to your prayer,
That we may thus repay you for your loving tender care.

When a Man Needs a Mother

A Record from the Spokane County Jail

By Philena Fletcher Homer, Ph. D.

Years ago Dr. Pentecost, the celebrated revivalist, began a series of religious services in Sallcott, Scotland. During these meetings he and his assistant, a Miss Ticer, organized a children's class, like the Primary of the L. D. S. Church, except that it was undenominational.

When the time came for Dr. Pentecost and Miss Ticer to move on to other fields, they looked around for some one to carry on the work. As Mrs. Mary Lambie was one of the most enthusiastic of their co-workers, they engaged her to keep up the organization.

At first she was undecided. "I knew if I began that I should have to hold on," she said; but at last she consented. For seventeen years this sweet little Scotch woman gathered the children of the community together every Thursday afternoon for spiritual training. Children of all denominations and all creeds came there, and under her inspiring leadership learned the lesson of God's love.

In May, 1911, she followed her only daughter to America and came to live in Spokane, Washington.

Mrs. Lambie had been there only a short time when some friends asked her to visit the Spokane jail with them. What she saw there that Sunday afternoon moved and touched her; she felt that here was her life work—the work for which she had been especially called.

To use her own words: "So grieved was I to see so many prisoners behind the bars, young men needing their mothers, that I pledged myself to God that if he would give me my health, I would visit them for him. The tears ran down my cheeks and I could not speak a word."

So began her sixteen-year-long career as "The Mother of the Spokane County Jail."

She is eighty now, a lovely, sweet-faced, little Scotch woman; yet every Sunday she takes the long ride from her home to the jail, a distance of nearly two miles, to carry her message of love and cheer to her boys, as she calls them.

Sunday is her day; from twelve until two she has the run of the jail, standing for two hours in the bleak corridors that she may talk to each man individually.

"I can't speak to them sitting down," she said, "I must come close to the door and speak to them from my very heart."

She not only gives them spiritual comfort, but helps them in many ways. Sometimes it is a sum of money sent by anxious loved one that she lays away for the lonely boys until they are free; sometimes she writes a letter; sometimes helps the homeless man or boy to find shelter and food, until he gets on his feet; sometimes finds a Bible in their own language for the foreign-born. But whatever her service, it is given with such a spirit of love that it is never forgotten.

Mother Lambie is one of the few people who are allowed the run of the jail. As Jim McCowan, veteran jailer, says: "She is the only person who is universally welcome at the jail." There is no cell to which she is not allowed to go, no criminal so desperate that she is not allowed to speak to him and give her message of love and sympathy. She is not like many who visit such institutions; she knows what they need and she gives it to them.

In Mother Lambie there is nothing of the "I am holier than thou." Her only thought is to comfort, not to blame, criticize, or sermonize.

One day last spring she was unable to go to the jail. The following Sunday, as soon as she came in, a shout ran from cell to cell. "Mother's here, mother's here;" and then some mischievous boy shouted "Mother's here, but she's not coming up." Immediately from the second floor came a great uproar; but Mrs. Lambie called out, "I'm here and I'm coming up."

From the far corners of the earth messages come to her, sent by those she has helped.

A short time ago a man came up to her and said, "You don't remember me, but I do you. You visited me in jail fifteen years ago."

Two things Mrs. Lambie counts among her greatest treasures. One is a poem written by a friend to celebrate her eightieth birthday, and published in the Sallcott, Scotland, paper. The other is a letter from one of her boys, written about two years after he left jail. In it he says: "You brought so many happy hours into my life when I was so miserable, but these are better days. I was married last May. My girl waited almost two years for me to get readjusted. It is fine to have a home of your own, isn't it? Am going to the University in January. Have only two more years left."

Thousands of the pitiful inmates of the jail have received her loving ministrations; boys, frightened and heartsick, or in for some mad prank, drunks, confidence men, old offenders, hardened criminals, even murderers, but they all have one name for her—Mother Lambie, and as the jailer says:

"A man needs a mother when he's down and out."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

A Message to Mothers

One of the wholesome books of today, a book now in its fifth edition, is *Mothers and Children*, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. We are pleased to recognize it in the Mothers' Day issue. We shall, perhaps, comment later on vital points in each chapter. Mrs. Fisher possesses a quality of mind that gives her the power to select important matters and to eliminate those not vital. In this crowded life children have a right to parents who can push aside the multiplicity of unimportant details and give them in their lives those things that are indispensable. So she tells us in the beginning that it is pretty generally known that a babe, even "though the heavens fall," must have clean milk—absolutely clean milk—sterilized nursing bottles, and warm feet—conditions which can be supplied as well in a gypsy encampment as in the palace of a king."

With older children "the real essentials, which any of us can have by taking thought, are peace and harmony among the adults of the family; an atmosphere of purposeful, cheerful industry and clear-sightedness towards the children; and for them a life of intellectual freedom and physical activity. Now, these conditions can be secured in a little five-room house, in any moderate-sized American town or village, or in the country, as easily as in a millionaire's mansion. Self-indulgence and laziness certainly can be

discouraged more easily by the example of adults, who expect, as a matter of course, to do a reasonable amount of real work themselves, than by any amount of verbal exhortation or manual training in an atmosphere where the adults expect, as a matter of course, to do nothing but what pleases them."

Mrs. Fisher bears in mind the fact that mothers are not naturally selfish. They are willing to make great sacrifices for their children and do it gladly; consequently they "are not looking for the easy way to bring up their children, but are searching for the best way with whole-hearted fervor. They are not prevented by selfishness from giving their children what is best for them, but only by dire confusion of mind, like the tired young mother who sat on my porch the other day, making tucks by hand in her little girl's dress until she was so worn out with eye-strain and fatigue that she slapped the child for unintentionally overturning a vase of flowers! In these enlightened days, of course, few of us slap our children to relieve our own nervous tension, but do we not allow ourselves to become so tired and harried by life that we are almost constantly out of sympathy with, for instance, the natural instinct of children for incessant activity? Are we not always telling our children to 'keep still' or 'do be quiet' or not to 'litter up the house so' or 'don't do that' simply because their blessedly healthful busyness with its consequent noise is the last straw for our overstrained nerves? For all this there is no possible excuse. When we undertake the care of children we bind ourselves (no matter what other activities may suffer) not to allow our nerves to become overstrained. We must not be irritable or unjust or unintelligent—not even once."

Gifts for Social Uplift

Nothing new under the sun; but the number of large gifts contributed for welfare work by wealthy persons living in the United States begins to look as though this old axiom might be challenged. The year 1927 has been designated the greatest gift year in history. Some of the gifts have been made by women and some have been made for the special benefit of women and children. All gifts for charity and for the combating of disease will be particularly helpful to women and children, for social workers are constantly discovering, in their case-work, families of women and children who are ill, and who are not supplied with what is necessary for normal living.

One of the outstanding gifts by a woman is that of "Mrs. Mary E. Emery, wife of the inventor and manufacturer of the emery wheel, who left $20,000,000, in the form of a foundation, for charitable and educational purposes. The will of Henry Buhl,

Pittsbugh capitalist, created a fund of $15,000,000 for charity, this being the largest single fund set aside during the year. Aside from the Buhl foundation, the largest single gift to charity is from Mrs. C. Sellew of New York, who gave $2,000,000. John Whalen of Brooklyn left $1,400,000 to the Roman Catholic Church, Diocese of New York, for use in its charitable work; and S. Friedman of New York left for Hebrew charity $1,000,000."

Indirectly all money devoted to the elimination of disease is likewise for charity, because poor health is one of the outstanding causes of poverty. Consequently, such gifts as that of "R. F. Cutting of New York who gave $250,000 for cancer research, the gift of J. Pierpont Morgan of $200,000 for research to discover the cause of sleeping sickness, and $2,000,000 by the Fraternal Order of Elks for fighting tuberculosis and aiding crippled children"—all these will help to eliminate poverty.

Women in colleges have had to depend largely on the munificence of liberal hearted persons to supply them with proper housing conditions on college campuses. A gift looking towards just this thing is that of $1,650,000 for residential halls at Cornell University. Cornell has one thousand women in attendance and she aims to place them on her beautiful campus under conditions that should make for the best development of modern women. This gift, from one who has asked that his or her name be withheld, certainly marks progress in the building of dormitories on the American college campus.

Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Organization of the Relief Society of Salt Lake Stake

Color, music, poetry, and the charm of a well trained voice in the reading of the author's lines, all blended to make worthy the semi-centennial celebration of the Relief Societies now comprising Salt Lake county. An age that demands complexity in its amusement as well as its everyday life, requires all the senses to be engaged at once; the eye by picture, the ear by music of the voice, and the mind by noble thoughts set nobly to words and music. All of these demands were met by the entertainment: part pageant, part reading, and part musical, presented in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on Friday evening, March 16, 1928 by the ten stakes of Salt Lake county.

Particularly effective were the symbolic characters. The orange and gold dresses and white wigs, lent greatly to the dignity of the figures. The accumulated effect at the close when stake presidents and past stake presidents and all past and present presidents of wards formed the ensemble, with

President Clarissa Smith Williams as the central figure, made a most impressive picture.

We wish to speak with special favor of the lines of Mrs Claire Stewart Boyer and the equally excellent reading by Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart, whose personal charm and sweetness of voice lent much to the occasion. The musical compositions of Mrs. Ida Horne White are to be noted, also the choir under the able leadership of Mrs. Agnes M. Bolto, the accompaniments by Tracy Y. Cannon, Mrs. Anna G. Ipson, and the instrumental trio. Unity was obtained through the presentation of the six general presidents, with lines dedicated to and commemorative of the work of each. The general and all special committees must be highly gratified with an achievement of such outstanding merit as the Review proved to be.

We value the production as much for what it predicts for the future as for what it really was. In 1942 the Relief Society will be one hundred years old. If the various stakes keep on with meritorious pageants such as that produced by the organization of Salt Lake county this time and at other times in other stakes, a piece of art worthy of a people of art traditions will be the result. In just this way the Roman Catholics have built up their background of art, which is a challenge to every other church but which must eventually be surpassed by the Latter-day Saints whose faith and organization are the direct results of revelation .

God's Helper

By Howard U. Crandall

Who knows the things we love the best?
Who with our troubles helps us?
When failure stares us in the face,
Who clears our grey skies for us?

Who is it that we always seek,
In times of joy or sadness?
Who knows just what to say or do,
To fill our hearts with gladness?

Who always gives a helping hand,
To us, and yet is humble?
Who helps us up and helps us on,
When off life's path we stumble?

Who knows, when we have reached success,
More joy than any other?
God gave us one who does all these,
And that one is—OUR MOTHER.

Great-Great Grandmother, Mrs. Clara Noakes Nell, Riverton, Utah, Age 79; Great Grandmother, Mrs. Henrietta Nell Bills, Blackfoot, Idaho, age 63; Grandmother, Mrs. Clara Bills Wright, Blackfoot, Idaho, age 47; Father, Orice B. Wright, Idaho Falls, Idaho, Age 22; Baby, Kay W. Wright, age 8 months.

MRS. EVA L. H. CHRISTENSEN, PRESIDENT OF THE ELWOOD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, BEAR RIVER STAKE, AND HER SEVEN DAUGHTERS

Great-Great Grandmother, Mrs. Nancy F. Reynolds, Age 78; Great Grandmother, Mrs. Martha A. Dodge, Age 62, grandmother, Mrs. Edith Holliday, age 41; Mother, Mrs. Olene Welch, age 23; Baby, Edith Welch, age 2

Wisdom

By Christie Lund

You've traveled half the world away,
And talked of things I'll never know;
Still, I am wiser far than you,
For I have watched a baby grow.

I've watched his tiny little form
Grow to be stronger every day;
I've helped him when he tried to walk,
And laughed with him through hours of play.

I've listened to his baby talk,
And watched his dimpled smile.
I've cuddled him within my arms,
And loved him all the while.

Yes, I have watched a baby grow,
And none can wiser be;
For, loving him, I've learned to know
How dear a babe may be.

Intellectual Responsibility of Mothers

By Heloise Day Merkley

Latter-day Saints are taught to consider this life in its relation to a pre-existent state as well as to the future. So, in discussing the problem of the mother's intellectual responsibility, we may say that it begins before she ever becomes a mother, though few of us realize this so early in life.

The modern psychologist follows the example of the Latter-day Saint in tracing things backward, though he does it in this life only, and traces intellectual and physical traits to direct ancestors only, instead of into the spiritual life.

The Eugenist lays great stress upon the heredity of the child. He tells the girl that the surest way in which she can help her children intellectually is by choosing for them a father with the proper intellectual equipment, and from an intellectual family.

Choice of a Mate

Eugenist, Psychologist, and Preacher all agree that it is important to choose the best possible mate if you would fulfill your intellectual responsibility to your children as their mother. But how many girls know anything about eugenics and heredity? Or, if they know, how many think seriously of such things when they decide to marry? Moonlight often plays a more important part in the choice than does Eugenics. Psychology yields place to the music of the dance hall. And if the preacher says much, the girl in love only looks deeper into the eyes of her lover and loves him the more.

Psychologists agree that he who dares to break away from an old, established religion, supported by custom, by law, and by the habits of a lifetime—he who dares seek to worship God according to the dictates of his own conseince, is always intellectually a little above the mass of those who cling to the old superstition. The Hugenots of France, the Protestants of England, the Puritans, the Quakers, the Methodists—all those who in days gone by dared to think for themselves and to pray for themselves—these are they who have leavened the nations with the brilliance of true intelligence.

These people are recognized by psychologists as the cream of the European world intellectually. And it is from these

that the Church of Jesus Christ draws its recruits; not from those who are content with what their fathers believed because their fathers believed it, and intellectually too lazy to test that belief with the light of their own reason; not always from the rich, not always from the educated; but always, with scarcely an exception, the Gospel of Jesus Christ appeals to those who are not afraid to think for themselves. It appeals to those who are of greater spirituality and stronger character; but just now we limit ourselves to the question of the intellect.

When our parents and grandparents accepted the Gospel, they demonstrated their intellectual independence. They were not afraid to think for themselves. Therefore, we can say with Nephi—"I being blessed with goodly parents," etc. And when a Mormon girl goes to the temple and marries a good Mormon boy, there is not a great deal of doubt that she is giving her children a better intellectual heredity than she would be able to do in the world by choosing a mate from the same level in society.

Minds are Like Steel

It is just as important, of course, that the mother be intelligent as that the father be intelligent. But what brains she has, were given her by her parents, and they are the best she can possibly acquire.

If her mind is like tempered steel, hard to take an edge and firm to retain it, she is lucky; if it is poor metal, that she cannot help. But this much she can do: the best of steel if it is not sharpened may be as dull as the poorest; and the poorest, if properly sharpened, is much better than it would be if left dull. So, whatever her grade of intellect, she can, by self-development, make the most of it. The modern psychologist says positively that the powers of the human mind are so great, the limit of perfection in intellectual attainment is so far away, that in this life it is probable that no human mind has ever attained its utmost progress.

Cheer up! You may not think yourself brilliant; but remember it will take you several eternities to reach the limit of your intellectual development. If you strive with all your might, you may surpass, in less than one of those eternities, many whom you now suppose to be your intellectual superiors. Such steel as your mind is, sharpen it; make the most of it. Then you will be ready to help your children grow.

Another thing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints offers is many organizations to its members. From the time the little tot can walk alone to Sunday school,

Primary, Religion Class, Mutual Improvement Associations, Seminaries, Priesthood Quorums, Relief Society, Genealogical Society, and finally to the Stake and General Boards; by becoming a teacher in this organization, or in that; by going on a mission, or even by being a silent member and sitting quietly and listening—one learns, learns, learns.

There are sections in the daily newspapers devoted to the spread of information and culture. There are magazines by the thousand, which teach while they entertain. There are public libraries, schools, extension courses, and lecturers, all soliciting us to use them.

What Mothers Can Attain

Great is the intellectual responsibility of the mother. She should prepare herself for it before she becomes a mother, and continue to grow afterward. But she need not be rich to do it. She need not travel. She need not even go to college. If she will attend the organization meetings, if she will open her eyes and read with a desire to learn, if she will open her ears and listen with the same desire, if she will open her lips and ask questions when opportunity affords to question those who know more than herself, she will learn and grow.

Never be afraid, O Mother, to reveal your ignorance by asking questions. There is no surer way to overcome ignorance than by asking them. There is no surer way to remain ignorant than to be afraid and keep still when you could learn something you need to know.

After the preparation of herself, comes the responsibility of the mother to guide the unfolding intellect of the child during the pre-school age. When the bright eyes of the toddler begin to notice and compare things in the world about, there comes a veritable deluge of questions. What is this? and why is that? and where did the other come from? Children at times ask questions that a philosopher could not answer.

It is the mother's responsibility to answer carefully, truthfully, and simply. It may seem hard to explain things so that the child can understand. It may look easier to put him off with, "Oh, don't bother me, I'm busy," or "You're too little to understand. Don't ask such foolish questions." Refusal may take a little less thought and energy at the time; but later on the cost may be the loss of the child's confidence, the discouragement of his intellectual curiosity.

What Stories to Tell

Then comes, over and over again, "Tell me a story;" until

it seems that every story in the world has been told, and he wants you to tell each one so many times that he may memorize it.

Here the mother must exercise care. Tell stories freely —fairy stories, true stories; but let the child understand the difference. Avoid stories that develop fear—as of bears or Indians—or that may produce false ideals. Remember that the imagination of most children is so vivid that while they are listening breathlessly to a story, they are for the time being living that story.

The little boy makes himself the hero of your tale. If you tell of Joseph, he wears the coat of many colors, is sold into Egypt, and triumphs in righteousness. If you tell of Peter Rabbit, the boy or girl who listens goes into the cabbage patch and hides from the farmer with all the keen emotion of the rabbit in the tale. He becomes, in turn, Little Bo Peep, Mistress Mary, and Simple Simon. Remember this and let your stories inspire admiration for the proper things. Don't point the moral too noticeably, but realize that in every interesting story there is some sort of moral.

Let the child tell stories to you, encouraging him to be truthful; but if he begins to use his imagination and make up stories, listen and enjoy them and show him the difference between the things of the imagination and the things of fact.

When he is old enough to go to Sunday school and Primary, the mother who senses her intellectual responsibility will make an effort to send him there regularly. When he comes home beaming with enjoyment of the games and songs and stories, she will enjoy with him and will ask him to tell her what was done and said, thus impressing more deeply the things that the teacher has said.

The child who tells to mother the interesting points of the reading lesson, or explains how to work the arithmetic problem, or who names the countries he has studied, or spells the words he has learned—that child will go back to school next day and be able to tell these things to his teacher and his mates, and his grades will rise.

Let Children Teach You

Just here many mothers make a mistake. They suppose that in order to help their children, they must teach the children's lesson to them. But the very best way to help them is to get them to teach their lessons to you. If Johnny is stumped on an arithmetic problem, instead of working it to show him how, ask him questions about it, and about simpler ones of the same sort. Make him tell you the rules by which

it is worked. Nine times out of ten he will find his own mistake and triumphantly get the right answer for himself.

In other words, he who teaches, *learns* faster than he who listens. Let your child learn by teaching you. Encourage him; not with a scolding when he has failed, but with praise when he has succeeded. Don't be afraid of making him conceited. His mates and life itself will take conceit out of him if he gets too much. And the person who has self-esteem will have self-confidence to try for greater things. The person who thinks well of himself will be more successful than the one who is too humble to try.

Be honest as possible. Don't praise him for something that is not good, nor boast about him to others, but children hunger for a word of praise, and long for appreciation, often thinking they would like to die just to hear people say nice things at their funeral.

Praise overcomes stubbornness or laziness and is the great stimulant to high endeavor. Don't be afraid to praise your children when they have done something worth while; they will pay you by deserving more praise.

Don't Criticize the Teacher

And here is a don't. Please *don't* place before your child a stumbling block by criticizing his teacher. Go to the teacher and get her side of the story. Children often misunderstand what teacher says; sometimes they only half hear, or forget, or wrongly interpret things.

Suppose you try a little experiment. Go to a meeting and write down word for word about three sentences of a speaker who impresses you. Then after meeting ask a friend just what it was he said about that certain subject. Compare the answer with your written record. Ask another friend, and still another. You will be amazed at the result. Within ten minutes after he spoke I have heard a speaker quoted as having said the exact opposite of what he actually did say. One partly hears, another interprets what he hears in the light of his own experience, and another seems to have heard backward.

If grown-ups can so misunderstand a sermon what of a child? He probably tells you exactly what he understands.

Even if you and the teacher should not be able to reach an understanding, don't make things worse for your child by letting him find it out. If you criticize the teacher, he cannot teach against prejudice and distrust.

When your daughter reaches adolescence she should be taught certain great truths of life. If you don't know just how, find in your community a trained nurse, an experienced teacher or a wise mother, who knows more than you. Go

to them privately and get them to teach you how to explain to your daughter. It may save her bitter humiliation later and save you the loss of her confidence. Even though school teachers may know more than you it is better to let them teach it to you and you pass it to your own child.

At the high school and college age, perhaps you think that your intellectual responsibility should be over. Perhaps you say that you never went to high school, so how can you help your children there?

You Can Always Teach

Remember that life is the best school. You can always be pretty sure that you know something your child doesn't yet know. And again, he who teaches learns.

My own mother was always so eager to share the good things I got in school when I had gone farther than she, that each evening I used to give her a summary of each class or lecture. Many a time after two or three years in high school, I have taken notes of a lecture and gone home and reproduced it to her almost word for word; not because I had a good memory, but because she had trained it for me without my realizing that I was getting far more than I gave. I realize that now, and thank my mother for the help she gave me. But at the time I thought I was doing her a favor by taking the notes and remembering what went between them. You see, it wasn't the quality of the steel in my mind, but it was the sharpening she gave it.

But after all—when you have told your child stories, answered questions, asked questions, let him teach you the things he has learned. Train his memory by encouraging him with praise for what he has accomplished, and support his teachers that he may get all he can from them. Another responsibility, harder to put one's finger on, lies with you in the unguarded moments when you are not thinking about helping the child, when you are just doing your daily work and being yourself. If you are full of the desire for culture, if you are hungry for knowledge, if you love books, music, pictures, good deeds, and high ideals—all the rest will follow.

If you love the gospel and seek after everything that is virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy—then, as naturally as the plant turns to the light, your child will also seek these things. For if you love such things you will talk of them admiringly, you will fill your home with them, you will enjoy them with your child. And by this striving after good things to which you lead him, you will sharpen his intelligence, and increase his eternal glory.

For the glory of God is intelligence.

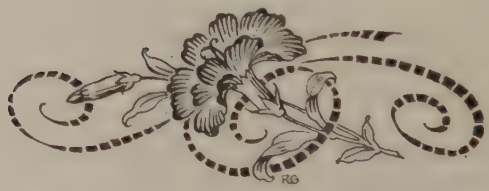
A Tribute to Mother

By Emily Borgeson Brown

Mother, giver of life and love,
Thou who wert sent by God above,—
  Dear mother, we praise thee.
Thou who so nobly gavest thy heart
To the mission thou wert set apart.—
  Mother, we adore thee.

Thou who hast healed each childish sore
With the balm of love,—this and more,
  Kind mother, we trust thee.
Thou hast taught us, young, to bend the knee,
Helped us the Gospel light to see,—
  Our mother, we thank thee.

Now that thy children all are grown,
And youth and vigor have from thee flown,
  Mother, we plead with thee:
Give us freely of wisdom ripe,
Goodness, of which thou art a type;
  Mother, God bless thee.



The Key

By Lilith Shell

Francesca was going on eight when her mother went away. On a winter night while her husband, Angelo, was at his lodge and while her children were in their beds asleep, Maria Salvatore slipped away with Joe Macchia, the boarder.

To say the least, this flight of his wife left Angelo's domestic menage in a critical state, considering the fact that Francesca was the eldest of his six children and that Cherubina, the baby, was only three weeks old. In between these two, ranging from two to seven, were Antonio, Nicky, Carmela, and Domineco. No wonder, then, when Angelo came home from lodge that night and found his bed empty—that is empty of his wife, for Cherubina, the baby and Carmela were there—that he flew into a rage and dragged Francesca from her couch, occupied also by Antonio and Domineco, and gave her a sound beating, this process punctuated profusely with oaths such as only an Italian father, pretty well heated with Italy's wine and bereft of the wife of his bosom, can use to advantage.

"Did not you to see her go?" he demanded, but Francesca could not answer him for crying; and he could not have heard her if she had, for the crying of the other children awakened by the turmoil.

"An' why not?" he demanded with further blows. "An' why not you to see your own mother go from her home? Say? An' with that Joe she has gone!" This last he uttered with a groan of extreme bitterness, flinging Francesca from him as if she had been guilty of the whole miserable affair and he feared contamination by further contact with her.

So Francesca crept into bed, pulling the covers over herself and her two brothers, reaching an occasional exploratory hand across them to be sure that they were not exposed to the cold. She lay awake a long time, long after the two little boys were soundly sleeping, long after she heard her father's snores coming, not from his own bed where he had been wont to sleep with his wife and at least two of the children, but from Joe Macchia's bed. (For why not enjoy the luxury of a private bed when it stood there empty?) Then out from her bed Francesca crept and rubbed the aching welts on her arms and legs, on her face and neck and back where the heavy blows had fallen. With the still luke-warm water from the kettle she bathed the more obvious marks upon her face and arms. To morrow she must go to school; and the teachers, they ask you such questions—all about your underwear and look to see if you have any on, and about your stockings; and they look to see if your ears are washed and especially if you have

any blue marks on you like these were sure to be by morning. They ask you *so* embarrassing questions; and if you cannot right away think of something to tell them besides the truth, then they whisper something to the school nurse and lift up their eye-brows toward you and then *she* asks you, oh such sharp questions, and puts her hands on your shoulders and looks you square in the eye, and sometimes even she goes straight home with you and asks your mother or your father things, and then you get beaten again. So, Francesca, shivering in the bleakness of the room, laved and rubbed the tell-tale marks.

With the coming of the morning came also the imperative necessity of adjustment of some kind. Angelo's wrath, unabated after his night of heavy sleep, still fell heavily upon Francesca.

"You go tak-a d' bab' t' gran'," he ordered Francesca. "An' you tell-a t' her I see her t'night m'sel', an' so you go an' you be back-a queek an' I talk-a t' you some more."

In an unbelievable short time Francesca was back ready for her father's further "talk."

"Now you got-ta keep-a d' house," he said to her. "You got-ta cook-a d' din' an' you got-ta *keep-a d' key.*"

With this brief disposal of his responsibility and with these meager instructions as to the business of managing a household, Angelo was off to his day's work—a day of well-ordered work with a definite number of hours in which to accomplish it, and under the direction of an efficient foreman.

Left to her task, Francesca dashed through with the dishes and set about getting Antonio and Nicky ready for school. She scrubbed them sketchily in spite of their vigorous protests, and hurried them away. She ran a broken comb over the surface of her own tangled hair and was in the act of rushing out and making a run for school herself, when the question of Carmela and Domineco presented itself. *And there was the key.* What should she do with the children? Lock them in—or out? Frantically she fingered the key and watched the hands of the clock flying toward nine while she tried to settle the thing. She could not lock them out; it was too cold and Carmela's shoes, they were all so broken. There was only one thing she could do—lock them in. Seizing Carmela by both arms and gazing through the smudgy little face down into the very soul of her, Francesca laid upon her four-year-old shoulders the responsibility of looking after Domineco.

"I give you a sucker, maybe, if you min' me," Francesca promised, then snatching her own dingy sweater she went out, closing the door behind her and turning the key in the lock. She reached school just in time to receive a cutting reprimand from the teacher for tardiness.

All forenoon she fingered the key in her sweater pocket, her

forced attention to her lessons being ever crowded in upon by the consciousness of the two little ones at home. Mixed with her four-times-four was the fear that Domineco might swallow a piece of coal, and she sang her "do re fa sol la ti do" to the dreadful tune of what if the house should catch on fire.

At noon recess she dashed down the street and into the alley where they lived. Antonio and Nicky were there before her and were pounding vociferously upon the door, while from within they were being answered by two lusty voices raised in doleful crying. This was a relief. Carmela and Domineco were at least not dead. With unpracticed fingers Francesca inserted the key and after a nervous twist or two the clamorous ones from the outside were mixing with the clamorous ones inside, the two couple making an indisputable crowd.

So helter-skelter, rush and hurry, slam-bang, sped the days for Francesca. Angelo Salvatore, having turned over his responsibilities to her, went on his way merrily enough, only some outstanding family disturbance causing him to come down upon the offender like a thousand of bricks. But after a little Francesca managed so to control the noisy brood that few outbreaks occurred in his presence.

"You wanna git hit *hard, so?*" she would say to Antonio and Nicky, giving a dramatic illustration of the situation indicated by the sharp *so,* "an' you wanna have teacher always asking you all time about how? An' you wanna have the nurse all time come here, huh?"

This argument was efficacious always, for the boys knew and dreaded the weight of their father's hand; and they, too, had squirmed under the pointed and personal questions of the teachers and the nurse.

Angelo carried home provisions—spaghetti and onions and rye bread, cabbage and white potatoes, and olive oil and coffee. Once a week he did this, on pay day, and Francesca made it do, although her own little bones almost rattled in her skin, and the noon lunch for the five of them was seldom anything more than cold coffee and a few scraps of stale bread.

But with it all there was no burden like the key. The lock was none of the best and time after time Francesca managed to get the key hopelessly hung in it. Her frantic haste in trying to extricate it only made it worse and there were times when she was compelled to go to school and worry all through the morning because she must needs leave the key hanging in the lock. Usually she could get Rigolo Calamarino, a big boy of twelve, to get it loose for her when school was out; but in the meantime there were Carmela and Domineco either locked in or, the key having become fast before the bolt was sprung, left free to run in and out as they pleased over a none too friendly neighborhood.

Then one day she lost the key. It had been in her sweater pocket; she put it there as she ran to school; she remembered that very well. But when she came home at noon it was gone. And although she tracked back over the route and although Antonio and Nicky went over the ground inch by inch, the key was nowhere to be found. What to do? Francesca wrung her hands in despair. There were Carmela and Domineco howling inside and the two boys at her elbow making futile suggestions while time was flying. At last, when nothing she could contrive availed her anything and the tears were washing Francesca's thin little cheeks, Rigolo came again to her rescue with a rusty skeleton key which served as well as the much lamented lost one.

Angelo knew nothing of these tragedies. Zealously Francesca charged the younger children to silence, not only about the key but about all their affairs, good, bad, and indifferent. What she could she herself dealt with; what she could not, she left on the lap of the gods. For how was she to know, or how were the others, what would make their father angry or what would please him? So Angelo worked at his job, went to his lodge one night a week, brought home provisions, and Francesca worried through.

The school nurse kept the family upon her list and time and again went to the home—now certainly no longer having any claim to that magic word—to the hovel, rather. While Angelo's understanding of family needs reached far enough to cover the weekly basket of provisions, it did not reach to any such thing as the renewal of household supplies and clothing, and these were provided only at the insistent demands and sometimes even threats of that dreaded personage, the nurse.

"Dam' fool woman," was Angelo's sullen comment upon her when she had gone after compelling him to exercise some interest in his brood.

But always and always there was the key, a perfect nightmare to the frantic and harassed child mother. It was so hard to remember where one put it. Since the time the original one had been lost and Rigolo had so kindly allowed her to keep the skeleton key, she had tied a white string to it—a long white string which soon became greasy and black; but it did help to locate the elusive key. This one, too, would often get fast in the lock, and sometimes she would even forget to lock the door—forget it entirely in the hurly-burly of getting herself and the others off to school.

One black day when she had forgotten, had left the miserable key lying brazenly on the kitchen table, Angelo came home in mid afternoon, a contingency never once taken into consideration by Francesca. It had never occurred before in her memory. But this day something broke at the shop and he was off, the very day of all days when she had so flagrantly forgotten to lock the

door. When Angelo tried the knob and the door responded hot anger welled up within him and the sight of the key there on the table increased his wrath.

"She catch-a eet," he muttered. "I geev-a eet to her."

And he did. Poor Francesca, having remembered her delinquency too late, rushed home in a perfect turmoil of distraction the moment she was free, only to find her father standing there with the accusing key in his hand.

Terribly he talked to her and so loud; and most frightfully he knocked her about with his hard hands and with the rung from a broken old chair. Francesca bit her lip and closed her eyes and clenched her bony little fists in her determination not to cry out, but at last her pain and fright became so intense that she could no longer refrain and from her throbbing throat she sent up piercing shriek after shriek.

Too bad! Too bad! For Mary Patcholoff next door rushed in, and partly because she had no love for the grouchy Angelo and partly because she had a great pity in her heart for Francesca, but mainly because she reveled in the spectacular, she called the police; and Angelo spent the night in the lock up and lost another whole day's work on the morrow before he could get the matter explained.

"All," Francesca wept bitterly and self-accusingly, "all because of forgetting that old key—that old, old, hateful key."

She needed the beating, she granted, only maybe not so much, and not such loud scolding. And how much she ought not to have cried out that way. But truly, she defended herself, she had become afraid he was never going to stop at all, and then who would look after the children and who would keep the key?

One day when Francesca came home from school there stood the door wide open. Frantically she dived for the key. There it was in her pocket. But this fact to the contrary notwithstanding, there was the door open. As Francesca drew nearer it was plain to be seen that there was someone moving about inside the kitchen; and it was not her father. Francesca stopped. How was this? Had someone found the lost key and opened the door? Her eyes narrowed ominously. She would deal with this thing, whatever it was. But what was it?

Cautiously she edged up to the door. Inside there was certainly an astounding sight. There was a woman—a nice youngish looking woman with a pink dress and a cap, a white cap with lace all around it and a little bunch of pink ribbon on one side of it. The woman was standing at the stove stirring something, and upon the table was a pie. Furthermore the kitchen floor was scrubbed and there were clean papers spread all about. All this Francesca saw before the woman saw her. But this was her house and boldly she stepped inside. At the sound made by her entrance the woman turned.

"Oh—o-h-h—" the woman gasped and something inside her sent a blush over her dark cheeks—a blush almost as pink as her dress. "Why, my Francesca," she cried.

But Francesca only stood still and stared.

The nice looking woman laid down the spoon with which she had been stirring at the stove, and Francesca became conscious of a most delectable odor—the heavenly smell of tomatoes and onions and—what else? Francesca had not time to figure it out, for the woman came over to her and laying her hands upon the girl's sharp little shoulders, turned her about.

"Kiss-a your mother, little one," she crooned, and there was a catch in her voice and a mist in her eyes.

"Have you come back here to live?" Francesca demanded.

"Yes-a, you see, my little one," the woman smiled brightly.

"All time?" Francesca was cautious and incredulous.

"Sure-a," laughed the woman. "You're hair need-a de cut," she added, "and' where-a de boys an' Carmela an' de bab'?"

"The boys, they come-a soon," answered Francesca, "an' I go get-ta de bab' an' I bring-a, too, Carmela."

As Francesca turned to rush over to gran's, the weight of the key in her pocket struck against her leg, calling her attention to it.

"Here-a," she said, mater-of-factly unfastening the safety pin which held the greasy string of the key, "you stay-a here, then you keep-a de key," and as the pink woman took it, something went out from Francesca—a great emptiness seemed to engulf her, a feeling of freedom, of release so great that she could in no way comprehend it. A violent trembling shook her little frame from head to foot, and dropping into a chair she let her head fall upon the table and sob after sob wracked her.

"For all-a," cried her mother, "what-ta you cry for? Cause I come-a home? You sorr-a I come-a back-a home, little one?"

"No—no," sobbed Francesca. "I'm-a glad. The *key*. I give-a to you de *key*."

The next morning Francesca, more neatly dressed than the teacher had ever seen her, and with her coarse hair cut and smoothly combed, came into the school room full ten minutes before school time.

"Why, Francesca," said the teacher, "how bright and early you are."

Slipping to the teacher's side, Francesca made lucid explanations.

"Yes-a, ma'am, my mama, she come home. She cook-a de breakfas' and," running her brown hand pridefully over her black hair, "she cut-a an' comb-a my hair, too. An'," here Francesca's thin shoulders lifted and she spread out her palms dramatically, "an' teacher, now I have not to lock-a de door and not nor more to keep-a de key. My mama, now *she keep-a de key*.

And with a care-free smile Francesca sought her seat.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

German-Austrian Mission

During the general conference of the missionaries, and the Dr. Karl G. Maeser 100th birthday anniversary held at Meissen and Dresden, Germany, January 14 to 19, luncheon was served each day under the supervision of Mrs. Rose Ellen B. Valentine, president of the Relief Societies of this mission, who was assisted by the following: Martha Scharschuck, Alma Hurst, Martha Breitfeld, Marie Wenzel, Magdalene Schaeckel, Marie Breifeld

GERMAN-AUSTRIAN RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Mrs. Ella B. Valentine, President, is second from the left in the front row.

and Gertrud Kranisch. The luncheons were served cafeteria style. On the first day 161 people were served in 8 minutes and 2 seconds with the following menu: 2 slices of whole-wheat buttered bread, 2 rolls, one pair of weinies, and an American Jonathan apple. On the second day 160 people were served in 7 minutes with 2 slices of whole-wheat bread, two buttered rolls, a "well groomed" raw carrot and a service of sweet chocolate. On the third day

163 people were served in 5 minutes and 20 seconds with a luncheon consisting of 2 slices of whole-wheat buttered bread with Swiss cheese, 2 rolls, a naval orange, and 3 pieces of honey candy. The average cost of the luncheons was 42 German pfennigs, or 10 cents each, and they were so much appreciated by those in whose behalf they were served that on the last day the Elders were anxious to give three "rahs" for the Relief Society.

St. George Stake

In the latter part of February, 1928, a very enjoyable social was held at the home of Counselor Hannah M. Mathis, in honor of Counselor Agnes E. Winsor, whose failing health compelled resignation, and six retiring stake board members, namely, Emily C. Brooks, Mary Jarvis, Paralee A. Miles, Emmeline J. Cottam, Julia Graff, and Emma Squires. Nearly all of these women had served 20 years or more and President Jos. K. Nicholas gave them an honorable release with deep appreciation for their long and faithful service. At the party tokens of regard were presented, and expressions of love and appreciation were made. Each member contributed to the program an amusing experience, and an original poem was read by Mabel Jarvis, after which delicious refreshments were served.

Shelley Stake Reorganized

On February 5, 1928, the Shelley stake Relief Society was reorganized. Mrs. Mary E. Freeman, who has served so well and faithfully as stake president for a number of years, was given an honorable release, together with the members of her board. Mrs. Cora Christensen, former secretary of the stake, was chosen as president, with the following assistants: Counselors, Mrs. Bessie Kelley and Mrs. Lula Bowles; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Kathryn E. Lawrence.

On March 2, a social was given in honor of the retiring board by the new board and the ward officers combined. The 8 retiring board members were each presented with a very appropriate gift in appreciation of their labors, and an interesting program was rendered, after which refreshments were served.

Mexican Mission

The accompanying portrait is that of a Lamanite sister, Refugio (Cuca) Auriola. She is the daughter of an Indian chief, Victor Adame, of San Juan Del Mosquital, Zacatecas. The early history of her life would furnish material for a thrilling romance. However, she was led in a providential way to marry a man of education and refinement, professor of Spanish and English. By this union her splendid, natural faculties were developed, and she became a missionary for the Southern Methodist Church, being active and ardent in the missionary work of that church for 10 years among the Mexican people. Her husband, Carlos Montero,

having died, she was living with her present husband in El Paso, Texas, when she met the Latter-day Saint elders. She became an investigator and after 2 years of deliberation acknowledged the authority of the restored Priesthood and was baptized May 1, 1922,

REFUGIO (CUCA) AURIOLA
AND ANGELITA LOZANO

by Elder Ralph A. Ward. From El Paso she has gone to Los Angeles, where she is assisting greatly the Elders who are working in the Mexican mission. She is possessed of a great earnestness and convincing power, and never tires of preaching the gospel and defending its truths under all circumstances. The little girl is Angelita Lozano, whose mother died a faithful member of the Church.

Northern States Mission

A most illuminating comparative report has just been received from the Northern States mission, which includes the following Relief Society organizations, ten in all: Aurora, Cincinnati, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Logan Square, Milwaukee, Peoria, Peru, University. The totals show—number of members 269; average attendance, 41%; meetings held, 365; paid for charity, $294.41; number of families helped, 65; percent taking Magazine, 52%; number of officers taking Magazine, 36; paid dues, 88%; days spent in temple work, 404; Books of Mormon distributed, 86; gospel conversations, 1,206. The average attendance and the average percent of members taking the *Relief Society Magazine,* are both especially high compared with the gen-

eral average of the whole Society. Five of the organizations paid 100% annual dues, which was very good. The number of days spent in temple work, or days provided for was unusually good—averaging a little more than one and one-eighth days for each Relief Society member in the whole mission. The women have also done noteworthy work in distributing the *Book of Mormon* and in gospel conversations. Mrs. Rachel Grant Taylor, who has been released as president of the Relief Societies of this mission, must take great pride in this excellent report.

Teton Stake

Teton stake made an excellent showing last year in the planting of trees, plants, and shrubs, as will be seen by the following report: Trees planted on public grounds, court house, 8 maples, 2 weeping willows; public square, 100 Norway maples; stake house, 7 silver maples, 15 golden willows; Driggs Tourist Park 12 silver maples; high school, 20 Norway maples. At residences and other places 629 shade and ornamental trees have been planted. Throughout the valley besides, 52 lilac bushes; 38 rose bushes; 122 gooseberry bushes; 70 currant bushes; 12 raspberry plats; 24 strawberry beds; 11 pie-plant beds; 2 asparagus beds (the latter an experiment); 168 vegetable gardens; 136 flower gardens; 15 new lawns and 2 replanted. Three wards reported that all families had planted vegetable and flower gardens, and 100% had started a goodly number of house plants.

Pocatello Stake. (Charity Funds Increased)

To encourage larger family contributions to the Relief Society, the Pocatello Stake last year held a very successful contest in which a prize was offered to the ward having the highest percent of families donating each month. The ward winning the award secured nearly 100%, every family except one, in the ward donating each month. This contest stimulated the work of the visiting teachers, and increased considerably the donations throughout the stake. In September, 1927, an excellent Teachers' Convention was held. There was a good attendance and representatives from out-lying districts. After a fine musical program the following subjects were ably treated: qualifications of a teacher to know the gospel, to love the gospel, and to live the gospel; teaching as a Relief Society activity, including the purpose, the proper method of teaching, the spirit of family visiting, and the attitude of the visiting teacher. A lively discussion followed. One of the most enjoyable events of the past year was the December banquet tendered to the old folks by the stake board, assisted by the local presidents. All over 65 years of age were given ribbon badges designating their age. Over 125 were seated at three large tables, artistically decorated in Christmas colors. After an excellent program of toasts, music, stories, and readings, the pioneers rendered songs which were sung while they were crossing the plains, and an old-time

orchestra furnished music for quadrilles and dances in vogue 50 years ago.

Juarez Stake. (*In Memoriam*)

The Juarez stake has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Maggie Ivins Bentley, who departed this life January 14, 1928, at her home in Colonia Juarez. Her life of public service began in the Primary Association—first in the ward and then in the stake; but for the past two years, she has been associated with the Juarez Stake Board Relief Society, where her work, together with her superior wisdom, made her a valuable member. Mrs. Bentley was born March 31, 1868, in St. George, Utah, the daughter of Israel and Julia (Hill) Ivins, and sister of President A. W. Ivins. She was the wife of Joseph C. Bentley of the Juarez stake. She left her home in Southern Utah in her early married life, and with her husband and small family cast her lot with the early settlers in the "Mormon" colonies of Mexico. She has been an active worker in both ward and stake capacities, and has endeared herself to both old and young alike. She was a faithful wife, a devoted and wise mother, and an efficient home-maker. She was the mother of nine children, three of whom preceded her to the great beyond. And besides this she has mothered five of her husband's children by his wife Gladys Woodmansee, daughter of Emily Hill Woodmansee, these children reciprocating her love and care. As a dispenser of charity her liberality was unbounded. That she leaves a multitude of admiring friends was testified to by the packed house, the banks of beautiful flowers, and by the host of sympathizing friends who attended the funeral service.

Carbon Stake (*Castle Gate Ward*)

Following is a song which took second prize in a contest conducted in the ward. It was written by Rachel B. Olsen, as a tribute to several of the district teachers who were moving away.

A Fond Good Night

(Tune: "Just Before the Battle, Mother)

Now at parting, our dear Sisters,
We are thinking most of you,
From our ward you'll soon be leaving
With a work of love to do.
Should you there be serving others,
May you then have peace and love;
Gentle as the dew of morning
Be distilled from up above.

Chorus:

Courage! Sisters, may you ever
Keep this holy thought in view,
God will ever guard and keep you:
If to him you're firm and true.

May your joy in serving others,
Reach their hearts with love and light,
Touch the soul of every person,
By defending truth and right.
Then what joy will fill your being,
If it keeps the hearts you touch;
Yes, your souls will shine in splendor
And your friends will love you much.

When your life is nearly over,
When you've reached a good old age;
God's clear light will shine about you,
Joy and friendship, be your wage,
Then, dear sisters, may he bless you,
If you labor with delight,
Keep you well and keep you holy!
Now, we bid a fond goodnight.

Grant Stake (Hillcrest Ward)

Mrs. Ernest Bramwell of Hillcrest ward has contributed the following song which is very appropriate for "Home Night."

HOME NIGHT

(Tune: "Do What Is Right")

Home night tonight! Just home-folks together,
Mingling our voices in prayer and in song.
Praising, rejoicing, then frolicing after,
Learning the way to choose right and shun wrong.

Chorus:

Home night! Dear home night! Offenses forgotten
Bickerings silenced and love in full sway;
Ties everlasting are newly begotten,
Each of us strengthened and cheered on our way.

Home night tonight! The weekly reunion
Promised by prophets the "Pearl" to secure,
If parents, children, in holy communion
Earnestly learn of God's laws chaste and sure.

Years come and go, so dear ones must wander,
Links will be broken and hearts weary grow.
But they'll remember, and oft will they ponder
Precepts love-given round home altar's glow.

Home night! Dear home night! When earth life is over,
May we yet keep thee and greet thee with song.
As we advance, knowledge true to discover,
With Christ and Father, in heaven our home.

Relief Society Annual Report

1927

Amy Brown Lyman—General Secretary

FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

Cash Receipts			
Balance on hand January 1, 1927:			
Charity Fund	$ 29,327.07		
General Fund	117,490.66		
Wheat Trust Fund	20,626.08		
Total Balance, January 1		$167,443.81	
Donations Received During 1927:			
Charity Fund	$ 87,967.87		
General Fund	121,599.75		
Annual Dues	23,209.59		
Other Receipts	67,277.53		
Total Receipts		$300,054.74	
Total Balance on hand and Receipts			$467,498.55
Cash Disbursements			
Paid for Charitable Purposes	$100,105.39		
Paid for General Purposes	131,379.75		
Wheat Trust Fund Remitted to Presiding Bishop's Office	1,830.61		
Annual Dues paid to General Board and to Stake Boards	25,651.41		
Paid for Other Purposes	35,710.44		
Total Disbursements		$294.677.60	
Balance on hand December 31, 1927:			
Charity Fund	$ 30,856.55		
General Fund	122,657.43		
Wheat Trust Fund	19,306.97		
Total Balance, December 31		$172,820.95	
Total Disbursements and Balance on Hand.			$467,498.55

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

Assets:		
Balance on hand December 31, 1927:		
All Funds	$172,820.95	
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishop's Office	397,407.67	
Other Invested Funds	57,815.70	
Value of Real Estate and Build.	230,298.75	
Value of Furniture and Fixtures	55,477.58	
Other Assets	27,742.12	
		$941,562.77

Stake Board, Cash Balances on hand December 31, 1927	$ 27,834.71		
Other Assets	36,083.44		
		$ 63,918.15	
Total Assets			$1,005,480.92
Liabilities:			
Indebtedness	$ 935.02		
Balance Net Assets	940,627.75		
		$941,562.77	
Stake Board Indebtedness	160.72		
Balance Net Assets	63,757.43		
		$ 63,918.15	
Total Net Assets and Liabilities			$1,005,480.92

STATISTICS

Membership:			
January 1, 1927:			
Executive and Special Officers	10,154		
Visiting Teachers	20,164		
Members	30,971		
Total Membership January 1		61,289	
Increase:			
Admitted to Membership During Year		8,390	
			69,679
Decrease:			
Removed or Resigned	7,083		
Died	776		
Total Decrease			7,859
			61,820
Membership:			
December 31, 1927:			
Executive and Special Officers	10,250		
Visiting Teachers	20,565		
Members	31,005		
Total Membership December 31			61,820
The Total Membership Includes:			
General Officers and Board Members	22		
Stake Officers and Board Members	1,010		
Mission Presidents and Officers	62		

Number of Stakes	99
Number of Missions	26
Number of Relief Society Ward Organizations	1,558
Number of Visiting Teachers' Districts	10,348
Number of L. D. S. Families in Wards	104,641
Number of L. D. S. women, non-members, eligible	31,748
Number of *Relief Society Magazines* taken as reported	23,575
Number of Executive Officers Taking *R. S. Magazine*	5,531
Number of Meetings held in Wards	54,317
Number of Stake Meetings Held	2,003

Number of Stake and Ward Officers' (Union) Meetings Held	979	
Number of Ward Conferences Held	1,125	
Average Attendance at Ward Meetings	22,590	(41.6%)
Number of Visits by Visiting Teachers	686,605	
Number of Families Helped	16,762	
Number of Days Spent With the Sick	52,613	
Special Visits to the Sick and Homebound	189,302	
Number of Days Spent in Temple Work	129,368	
Number of Bodies Prepared for Burial	2,406	
Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Officers	5,002	

(NOTE: The average attendance at Relief Society meetings in the last 5 years has increased from 33% to 41.6%.)

COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

	1925	1926	1927
Paid for charitable purposes	$100,055.56	$ 96,017.19	$100,105.39
Total or present membership	61,066	61,627	61,820
No. of Relief Society Organizations	1,463	1,528	1,558
No. of *Relief Society Magazines* taken	23,176	23,220	23,575
Days spent with sick	49,300	51,249	52,613
Special visits to sick and home bound	178,885	185,007	189,302
Families helped	13,754	13,695	16,762
Number of visits by stake Relief Society Officers to wards	5,128	4,511	5,002
Number of visits by Relief Society visiting teachers	643,657	688,154	686,605
Number of days spent in temple work	119,566	122,013	129,368

DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Stakes		Missions	
Arizona	2,024	Australia	77
California	1,257	Canada	152
Canada	1,303	Europe	4,826
Colorado	410	Hawaii	814
Idaho	10,184	Mexico	96
Mexico	186	New Zealand	543
Nevada	575	Samoa	291
Oregon	204	South Africa	46
Utah	33,128	Tahiti	237
Wyoming	1,499	Tonga	96
		United States	3,872
Total Membership in Stakes	50,770	Total Membership in Missions	11,050

Total Membership in Stakes and Missions 61,820

(NOTE: In the foregoing report all funds are held and disbursed in the various wards, with the exception of the annual membership dues.)

1927 CORRESPONDENCE

(Office of General Secretary)

Letters received from Stakes and Missions	2,200
Letters received from other sources	300
Total letters received	2,500
Letters sent to Stakes and Missions	2,250
Letters sent to others	250
Total letters sent	2,500
Total teachers' books, song books and text books mailed	13,575

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in July)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JULY—THE HOME

Reading in the Home

"Books are indeed like friends, but in one's technical library they are even more; they are not only friends but dear counselors and advisors, helpers upon whose aid and wisdom one can rely; their presence makes one rich; their loss no weight of gold can replace; they are indeed partners in the business of life."

I. Value of the reading habit.
   a. To the family group.
   b. To the individual.

II. What to read.
   a. Books of knowledge.
   b. Inspiring literature.
   c. Good magazines.
   d. Standard Church Works, D. and C. 88:118, D. and C. 88:77.

III. When to read.
   a. Value of regular reading habits.
   b. The importance of suitable time and surroundings.

IV. Children's corner.
   a. Guiding the child's reading.

"A few choice books are a wonderful force in establishing home ties."

"No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read, and loved and loved again, and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it."—*Ruskin.*

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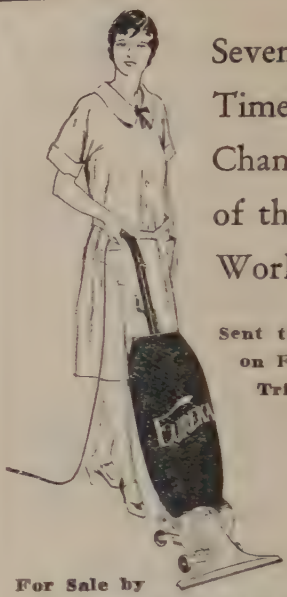

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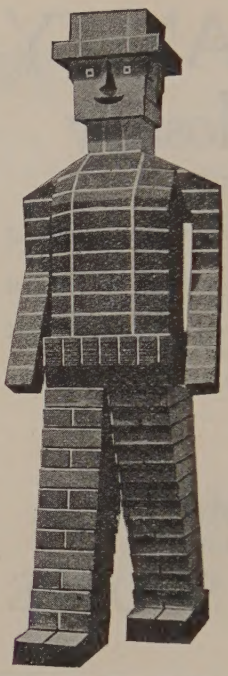

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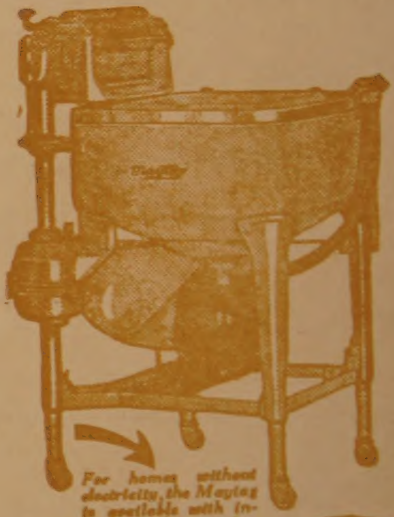

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